AN

AN ANSVVER TO POPE VRBAN HIS INVRBANITY, EXPRESSED IN A BREVE SENT TO *LOWIS* the *French* King, exaſperating him againſt the Proteſtants in *France*.

VVritten in Latine by the Right Reverend Father in God, IOSEPH Lord Biſhop of EXETER.

Tranſlated into Engliſh by *B. S.*

Pardon the faults this Engliſh ſtile affords,
A Child interpreted the Fathers words.

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TO MY MVCH RESPECTED FRIEND

MR. DR. PRIMROSE, PASTOR OF THE FRENCH CHVRCH in LONDON, and Chaplaine to his moſt excellent Majeſtie.

MR. Tourvall *a French man ſhewed me but a while ſince an Epiſtle of* Pope Vrban, *delivered of late to* Lewis *the French King, written in a ſwelling and bloody ſtile after their manner. In which when the good Biſhop had cleerely carroled a ſong of Triumph for the victory over* Rochell, *and had more then ſufficiently gratulated both the King and Nation: he then moſt barbarouſly proceedeth to that harſh and cruell language,* (ſmite and caſt downe) *and eagerly vrgeth, yea inforceth the deſtruction of all*

the Hereticks ſtabling in France. *Which when I had read, I could not forbeare, but preſently taking pen and paper, I did not vtter vt on premeditation, but poured out on the ſodaine this anſwere. Such as it is, receiue, (Reverend Brother) and peruſe it, and either ſend it abroad into the light of the world, or ſet it on a light fire. Farewell.*

From your friend,

Ios. Exon.

TO

TO POPE VRBANE THE EIGHT, BISHOP OF ROME, IOSEPH, Bishop of EXETER, wisheth *Sober wittes*, and *Christian Charity*.

WHY may not *the leaſt Prelate* make bolde to reproue *the High Prieſt*? I ask no leaue, nor is there any need; I take the ancient liberty. There was not in olde time ſo much difference betweene *Eugubium* and *Rome*, nor betweene *Exeters Iske* and *Tyber*. Hearken therefore now *Pope Vrbane* to that which ere long thou ſhalt heare of with *heartleſſe feare and trembling*, at the dreadfull Tribunall of *Chriſt*. Thoſe blotts of blood are nothing well ſuiting

ting a *Paſtor of the Chriſtian Flocke.* What, maiſt thou like a dreadfull King of Heralds proclaime warre? what meaneſt thou that ſo eagerly thou provokeſt Chriſtian Princes, too too full of blood, to the extirpating and horrid maſſacring their owne ſubjects? was it for this, that the *Keyes* were delivered to thy truſt, that thou mighteſt open the barrd vp *Iron gates* of *warre*, and the *Yvory dores* of *infernall Pluto*? Alas the ſhadow of *Peter* tooke theſe Proteſtants of *France* for *Malchus*, whoſe *eares* while he went about to cut off, he committed but a light errour, and hit them on the throates: or perchance it hath beene ſaid to him from heaven of late, concerning theſe Animals ſtabling in *France*, *KILL and EATE*? What? art thou *Pilot* of the Churches peace, and talkeſt of *ſhining helmets, ſpeares* and *ſwords*? What other houling could the *She Wolfe*, the *Damme* of thy *Romulus* haue yelled out, if this fierce roaring become the folde of *Peter*? Diſgorge thy ſelfe as much as thou wilt, and ſtale vpon the aſhes of vnhappy *Rochell*, and ſcatter with thy bluſtering breath

breath the moſt deſpiſed duſt of that moſt miſerable City; yet withall call to minde a little, how not many ages paſt the predeceſſor of this *Lowis*, though thine owne *Lowis* now, broke open the gates of *Rome*, mouldred the *walls*, diſperſed the *Citizens*, and condemned thy predeceſſour to a *dark Dungeon*, lading him with bitter ſcoffes and curſes. Neither ſhall many yeares paſſe againe, (vnleſſe my divining ſpirit be much miſtaken) before *Babylon fall*, and *the Angell ſhout*, and the world congratulate with amazement: *Rochells* caſe ſhall be thine owne caſe ere long, thou moſt *forlorne of all Cities*. *Happy he who ſhall render thee like for like; who alſo ſhall daſh out the braines of thy children againſt the ſtones*. In the meane time fraight thy ſelfe with our miſeries, laugh at our teares, make merry at our laſt gaſpes, ſing to our ſighes, and applaud our vexations. There is a *iuſt Avenger* who lookes downe from heaven, whoſe rod we kiſſe, and gaſpe after his revenge on thee at once. *Pleade thou our cauſe, nay thy cauſe ô God, I ſay thine alone*. Why may not confident innocency appeal to thee her judge?

If in the whole ſtructure and fabrick of our moſt holy religion by vs hitherto profeſſed, there be any one thing which hath proceeded from the moſt impure fountain of *mans invention*, let it even periſh, yea let it vtterly periſh and bee baniſhed to their *Purgatory*. But if wee haue not dared to proffer any thing to the Chriſtian world, except what thou haſt inſpired to thy *Prophets* and *Apoſtles*, and by theſe thy penmen, which could not deceiue, wouldeſt haue delivered moſt faithfully to thy people: ſurely then either moſt happily wee erre with thee, *ô God of trueth*; or thou wilt defend with vs this eternall and onely Evangelicall religion.

But thou wilt ſay that wee poore wretches are deceived, that it is *Piety* (no doubt) which we accuſe of *Cruelty*; that it is the *zeale of the houſe of God*, whereby good *Biſhop* thou art ſo *ſet on fire*, that thou haſt ſo importunely wiſhed and counſelled the rooting out all at once of the heretickes abiding in *France*. *O Brazen Brow, ô Adamantine heart*: We call *God*, the *Angels*, and *Saints* as witneſſes of this ſo hainous reproach.

proach. For thoſe whom thou falſly brandeſt with the markes of *hereſie*, thou ſhalt heare at length, when the *Church* ſhall acknowledge them for her *Sonnes*, and *Chriſt* for his *Members*. For what (I call God to record) doe wee teach, which the holy *Scriptures*, the *Councils*, the *Fathers*, the *Churches*, the *Chriſtian Chayres* haue not with one conſent alwayes held? For all thoſe points which wee profeſſe, the moſt approoved authors among you doe maintaine them all. There are indeede certaine late ſuperſtructions and patches of opinions which you would haue ſuperadded to the *antient Faith*. Thoſe we moſt religiouſly reject, and do conſtantly ever refuſe them: they are *humane*, they are *yours*. Laſtly, they are either *doubtfull* or *impious*. And muſt we therefore being *Chriſtian ſoules*, needes bee caſt out of the lap of the Church? Muſt we forthwith be delivered vp to bee devoured by *fire and ſword*? Muſt we being throwne downe to hell by the thunderbolt of a curſe, there burne for ever? Is this all the matter why the ſtall and ſhambles, are all the proviſion your Holineſſe makes for

ſuch Animals as vs? *Good God*! ſee the *Papall iuſtice* and *mercy*. This is the meer *iniury of time*. That was not *hereſie* of *olde*, which is ſo *now*; if we had beene borne in the *antient times* of the Church, before that *Romane primacy*, *Image-worſhip*, *Tranſubſtantiation*, *the Sacrifice of the Maſſe*, *Purgatory*, the private or halfe *Communion*, *the ſelling of Pardons*, and other like brood of this hatch was knowne to the Chriſtian world, heaven lay open truly to vs, no leſſe then to other godly ſoules of that more ſimple age, who happily tooke flight from hence in the true faith of Chriſt. But now that wee haue beene reſerved vnto the doting age of the world, in which a certaine new *offſpring of Articles* haue begun to ſpring; it is *capitall* to vs, and to bee corrected with no leſſe puniſhment then the continuall torments of *hell*. Conſider this all ye Chriſtians that liue in any place of the earth, how farre is it from all *Juſtice* and *Piety*, that a *new faith* can be created in after time by *humane iudgement* vnheard of in *antient ages*, which may adjudge Poſterity to *hell*, for not beleeving that which the firſt Chriſtians

ans never heard of, and yet went to heaven? Theſe *greene freſh witts* of a *Politicke Religion*, are in truth the men which moſt outragiouſly perplex the world, wherever the name of Chriſt is heard of. *Theſe* are they who ſet at variance among themſelues *the Kings of the earth*, who otherwiſe it is like would bee *peaceable*. *Theſe* rent *Kingdomes*, diſtract *people*, diſſolue *ſocieties*, nouriſh *ſeditions*, lay waſte the moſt *flouriſhing Countries*, and laſtly doe bring the *richeſt Cities* to aſhes and confuſion. But ought theſe things thus to be done? Doe wee thinke that this will bee found a juſt cauſe of deadly warre, or of a Maſſacre at the tribunall of the great Iudge? Awake oh ye Chriſtian Princes, and thou eſpecially King *Lowis*, into whoſe eares thoſe miſchiefs are ſo *vncivilly* & *cruelly* whiſpered: awake at length and ſee how *curſed fierceneſſe* deviſeth to put it ſelfe vpon your *Maieſtie* after the moſt miſchievous manner vnder a pretence of *piety*. They are your *natiue ſubiects* whom theſe *forreiners* require for the ſlaughter, yea they are *Chriſts*, and what? would you bath your

hand, or *ſword*, in the *blood* of thoſe for whom *Chriſt* ſhed his, who laviſhed moſt freely for you and your great Parent their owne? Heare SIR, I beſeech you, whoſe ſtile is among your ſubjects, LEVVIS THE IVST. If we did worſhip any other *God*, any other *Chriſt* then *yours*, if we aſpired to any other *heaven*, if we held any other *Creed*, or *Baptiſme*, if in a word wee did make profeſſion of a *new Church*, leaning vpon *other foundations*: there would be cauſe verily why you ſhold deſtinate ſuch *hereticks* remaining in *France* to *revengefull flames*. If your people haue violated any thing eſtabliſhed by the God of vs all, or lawfully appointed by your ſelfe, we verily craue no pardon; Let them ſmart who haue deſerved ſtripes, it is juſt; But make not hayocke of the ſervants of your owne God, and of your owne ſubiects, whom *Religion* it ſelfe makes faithfull vnto you. Suffer not for a few *yeſterdayes* and *ſuperfluous patches* of *humane invention*, and *will-worſhip*, added to the Chriſtian religion, that they periſh who haue beene willing to redeeme your and your Fathers

ſafe-

ſafety and renowne, vvith the greateſt hazard of their owne liues; ſuffer them to liue by you, by whom you now raigne. But if they were not *yours*, yet remember that they are *Chriſtians*, (vvith vvhich title your ſubiects are vvont ſuperlatiuely to honour you as moſt Chriſtian) and that you are *waſhed in the ſame Font, bought with the ſame blood*, and *renued by the ſame Spirit*; and in a vvord (vvhatſoever vaine furie thundereth out to the contrarie) they are the *Sonnes of the Spouſe*, and the *Brothers of the heavenly Bridegroome*. But theſe doe erre from the faith. From vvhich faith I pray? Not from the *Chriſtian*, but the *Romiſh*. Novv vvhat a prodigious thing is this? *Chriſt* condemnes not theſe, yet the *Pope* doth. If your great Chancellor of *Paris* vvere novv aliue, hee vvould freely teach his *Sorbôna*, (vvhich of olde he did) hovv *that the Pope hath not power* (that I may vſe his ovvne vvord) *to hereticate any Propoſition*. Yea, but an *vniverſall Councel* hath condemned thē? *Which Councell* vvas that? The *Trent*. I am deceived if *that Councell* as yet hath beene received and approved in your Dominions.

Obiection. *Anſwere.* *Obiection.* *Anſwere.*

ons. Conſult vvith your antient Authors of beſt credit, they vvill tell you hovv *vniuſt a Councell* it vvas, yea hovv it vvas *No Councell* at all; that vvhatſoever vvas done or eſtabliſhed by that *Company* being enthralled to *ſeven-headed Rome*, vvas but the act of one Biſhop. Laſtly, conſider I beſeech Your *Maieſtie*, hovv the *Reformed* are not in ſome kinde to the *Papiſts*, as the *Papiſts* are to the *Reformed*. *Hereſie* is alike ſharplie vpbraided on both ſides. But doe vve deale ſo roughlie vvith the profeſſours of the *Romiſh Religion*? Did vve ever rage vvith *fire* and *ſword* againſt the *Papall faith*? See, vvas ever the crime of a conſcience miſerablie miſled accounted capitall? It may be You may finde, (yet verie ſeldome) perchance ſome *impudent Maſſe-prieſt, a deſpiſer of publick lawes, a ſower of ſedition*, to haue received his condigne puniſhment. But no *Papiſt*, (I ſpeake confidentlie) vvas ever put to death meerelie for the cauſe of Religion, or loſſe either of head or limbe. Why doeſt not thou then: oh ſonne of moſt milde and clement HENRY, carrie thy ſelfe alike tovvard thy faithfull ſubiects

iects, vvho innocentlie profeſſe the reformed religion? why doth not Your *Maieſty* take order that it may be a *trap* for no man to haue worſhipped God according to the *Scriptures*, and the *practiſe* of the *antient Church*, and that it may be lawfull for Your ſubiects to be trulie *pious*. And thou *Pope Vrbane*, at laſt come to thy ſelfe, and conſider how well this *cruell ſentence* becomes thy *Purple robes*. It becomes not him to carrie a *ſheepe-crooke*, but a *ſword*, that will furrow vp that field. Nor is this *net* belonging to *fiſhing*, but rather to the *fencing ſchooles* of the antient *Romiſh Gladiators*. *Beautifull are the feete of them that preach peace*, ſaith the Prophet, we may ſay now of thee farr otherwiſe, *Hatefull are the hands of them that preach warre*. If thou hadſt anie portion in the *Goſpell of Chriſt*, thou mighteſt eaſilie judge that all things there ſound *peace, gentleneſſe, meekeneſſe, concord*. This *reuenging ſpirit* was not ſent but from *hell*. Not the leaſt ſound of an *hammer* is heard in *Gods Temple*; but You good man will haue the holie Church of God filled with the *clangor of trumpetts*, and the *claſhing of*

ſemiters, and the *groanes of men ready to dye*. Therefore open thy eare at length ô thou who proudlie ſcorneſt the judgements of all mortall men. That which heretofore our holie and learned *Robert Biſhop of Lincolne* is reported to haue done to thy Predeceſſour, that doe I now to thee. Let it be lawfull for me now to ſummon thee to the fearefull tribunall of Almightie God, to which thy *trembling* and *fearefull Ghoſt* ſhall ſhortlie be brought to render accompt of that thy *bloody advice*. In the meane while, if thou haſt anie care or thought to flie from the vvrath to come, and eſcape eternall vengeance,

REPENT.

A BREEVE OF OVR HOLY FATHER THE POPE TO THE KING.

Vpon the taking of Rochell.

Printed at *Paris* in St. *James* ſtreet by *Edmond Martin*, lying at the *Golden Sunne*.
1629.

With allowance from authority.

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BREVE

OF OVR

HOLY FATHER

THE POPE

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Vpon the taking of Rochell.

Printed at Paris in St. James Street by Edmund Martin, lying at the Golden Sunne.
1628.

With allowance from Authority.

Pope VRBAN the eight.

OVR moſt deare ſonne in Chriſt vve ſend You greeting and Apoſtolicall benediction; the voice of reioycing and ſalvation is in the tabernacles of rhe righteous, let the vvicked ſee this and fret, and let the Synagogue of Satan conſume avvay. The moſt Chriſtian King fighteth for Religion, the Lord of hoſts fighteth for the King. We verilie in this Mother-Cittie of the vvorld triumph vvith holie ioy, vve congratulate this your Maieſties victorie, the trophies vvhereof are erected in heauen, the glorie vvhereof the generation that is to come ſhall neuer ceaſe to ſpeak of. Novv at the length this age hath ſeene the Tovvre of *Rochell* no leſſe impregnable by the obſtinacie of

treacherie then ſtrength of nature ſurrendered to the King and St. *Peter*. Neither is any ſo fooliſh as to aſcribe this glorious victorie rather to happineſſe then to vertue. By your long ſiege of many months you haue taught vs that *Europe* oweth your *French* Legions no leſſe commendation for their conſtancy, then for their expedition; your armie going cleere away with the victorie over your enemies, by ſlighting all dangers, & induring all hardneſſe devoteth their life vnto you, & promiſe you an abſolute triumph of conquered hereſy. The waters of the Ocean made a noiſe and were troubled, fighting for the beſieged Rebels, they made choiſe of death rather then a ſurrender, vndermining treacherie approached even to your Maieſties tents, hell all opened her mouth vomiting out troupes of miſchiefes and dangers, to the end ſo rich a fort might not be taken away from their Impietie. The Lord ſtood on thy right hand, thou haſt not onelie ouercome the forces of thine enemies, but thou wart able alſo to put a bridle vpon the Ocean aiding them. Let vs all giue thanks to Almightie

mighty God who hath deliuered thee from the contradictions of the vnbeleeving people. Howbeit ſith you are not ignorant with what care the fruits of victories ought to be preſerued leſt they periſh, there is none can doubt but that in a ſhort time all the remainder of the hercticks that haue got ſtable roome in the French Vineyard ſhall by you be vtterlie diſcomfited. The Church deſireth that this Diademe of perfect renowne be put vpon that helmet of ſalvation wherewith the *Lord* mightie in battell ſeemeth to cover the head of your Majeſtie: for we belieue ſhortly that all tumults being appeaſed in *France* the gliſtering Enſigne of *Lewis* the Conquerour ſhall ſhine to the Captiue daughter of *Sion*, rehearſing the French Trophies, and beholding the brightneſſe of your lightning lance: God who performeth the deſire of them that feare him proſper our deſires and the prayers of the Catholick Church. Our *Nuntio* who was an eye-witneſſe of your Princelie glorie in your tents, will be a faithfull Interpreter of our Pontificall gratulation to your Majeſtie, on whom

we

we moſt lovingly beſtow our Apoſtolicall benediction. Given at *Rome* at S. *Mary* the greater vnder the ſeale of the Fiſher, the eight and twentieth day of *November*, in the yeare of our Lord 1628. and the ſixt year of our Pontificate.

INVRBA-

INVRBANITATI PONTIFICIAE RESPONSIO

Ios. Exoniensis.

INVRBANITATI
PONTIFICIAE
IN PROPHANIO
Ioannis Baptistæ.

AMICO MIHI PLVRIMVM COLENDO Dᵒ GILBERTO PRIMEROSIO, S. THEOL. PROFES. ſori; Eccleſiæ Gallicæ Londinenſis Paſtori: Regiæ Maᵗⁱ a ſacris.

MOnſtrabat mihi modò Tourvalus noſter, gente Gallus, Epiſtolam, Latino idiomate typis editam, Vrbani Papæ, pro more, tumidam, & ſanguinolentam, Ludovico Galliarum Regi, pridem datam; in quâ, vbi bonus Pontifex Jo Pæan canorè cecinisſet Rupellenſi victoriæ, Regi ſimul ac Genti abundè gratulatus, deſcendit illicò, ſatis inclementer, ad ſævum illud πᾶιε, βάλλε, et, hæreticorum in Gallia ſtabulantium profligationem acriter vrget, & impellit; Continere manum non potui, quin me ſubitò in chartas darem; arripio calamum: reſponſionem non meditor, ſed effundo; quicquid eſt, habe, vir venerande, et lege, & vel igni trade, vel luci.

Vale. A tuo

D 2 Ios. EXON.

VRBANO VIII. PONTIFICI ROMANO,

IOSEPHVS EXONIENSIS

ſanam mentem, et charitatem.

QVID ni verò Pontificem maximum compellare auſit minimus Epiſcorum? Non peto veniam, nec opus eſt; priſcâ vtor licentiâ: Non ita nimium diſtabat olim ab Eugubio Roma, *aut* Iſca *meus à* Tiberi. *Audi modò Pontifex* Vrbane, *quod brevi pro tremendo Chriſti Tribunali pallidus exaudies; Paſtorem Chriſtiani gregis parum decent hæ ſanguineæ lituræ: Tune vt ad arma, triſtis Præco, conclames? Tune vt Chriſtianos Principes, nimio-quàm plenos cruoris, ad profligationem ſuorum, clademq, horrendam acriter inſtiges? Ideone tibi creditæ claves, vt ferratas belli*

belli portas, eburneasq; Ditis inferni aperires? Euge, Petri *vmbra, numquid hi tibi* Malchi *videntur, quibus dum aures præcidere voluisti, levi errore in guttura incidisti? Aut nunquid de quadrupedibus hisce in* Gallia *stabulantibus dictum tibi prius illum cælitus, Occide et Manduca? Tune pacifice Rector Ecclesiæ, vt coruscantes galeas, hastas, gladios loquaris? Qualem verò sonum edere potuisset Lupa tui* Romuli, *si ista* Petri *caulam non dedeceat truculenta vox? Conspue, quantum lubet, et comminge cineres infælicis* Rupellæ, *et diffla superbo spiritu, conculcatissimum miserrimæ vrbis pulverem: recognosce interim paululùum, quàm non multa transierunt sæcula, ex quo hæreditarium* Ludovici, *iam tui, sceptrum,* Romæ *portas confregerit, comminuerit mœnia, cives dissiparit, præcessoremq; tuum sannis, dirisq; onustum, cæco carcere mulctârit. Sed neque tot deinceps excurrent anni (nisi me præsaga futurimens nimiùm fefellerit) antequam cecidisse* Babylonem, *et clamabit Angelus, et gratulabundus orbis obstupescet: Tuæ erunt aliquando hæ vices, vrbium perditissima: Fœlicem sanè illum, qui paria tibi quæq; retulerit, quiq; parvulorum tuorum cap ta saxis identidem illiserit. Fruere tu interea mi-*

ſeriis hiſce noſtris, arride lachrymis, exhilarare ſuſpiriis, eiulatibus accine, applaude cruciatibus, eſt qui de cælo ſuo proſpicit iuſtus vltor, cuius nos, vnà et exoſculamur virgam, et inhiamus vindictæ: Cauſam tu noſtram age, ô Deus, imo tuam, tuam ſolius: Quid ni te provocet arbitrum audax innocentia? Si quid vſpiam eſt in toto hoc ſacroſanctæ, quam profitemur hactenus, religionis negotio, quod ex humani cerebri impuriſſimo fonte prodierit, pereat ſane nobiſcum, pereat penitiſſimè, et ad inferos ſuos meritò relegetur. Quòd ſi nos nihil vnquam Chriſtiano orbi propinare auſi, niſi quod tu Prophetis tuis, Apoſtoliſq; inſpiraveris, perq; illos (fallere neſcios) amanuenſes populo tuo fideliſſimè traditum volueris, ſcilicet, quin aut nos tecum feliciſſimè erramus, ô Deus veritatis, aut tu nobiſcum æternam hanc et vnicè Evangelicam religionem tueris?

Fallimur verò miſelli, pietas eſt, ilicet, quam nos crudelitatis inſimulamus; zelus eſt domus Dei, quo, bonus Pontifex, ita totus accenderis, vt hæreticorum ad vnum omnium in Gallia *ſtabulantium extirpationem et optaveris, et ſuaſeris importuniùs. O frontem! O viſcera! Deum, Angelos, Sanctos, teſtes appellamus huius tam*

atrocis

atrocis contumeliæ: nempe, quos tu hereſeos ſtigmate falſò inuris, audies demùm vbi Eccleſia filios, Chriſtus membra ſalutaverit: Ecquid enim (per Deum immortalem) docemus nos, quod non Scriptura, non Concilia, non Patres, non Eccleſiæ, Cathedræq; Chriſtianæ vnanimiter ſemper tenuerunt? nimirum, quæ nos profitemur, veſtri ipſorum probatiſſimi authores tenent vniverſa: Quid ergo rei eſt? ſunt revera quædam nupera opinionum aſſumenta, quæ vos avitæ fidei ſuperadiecta voluiſtis, iſta nos piiſſimè reiicimus, et conſtanter vſque recuſamus: Humana ſunt, veſtra ſunt: denique aut dubia ſunt, aut iniqua: Ideone vero vt Chriſtianæ animæ ex Eccleſiæ gremio eiiceremur? vt ferro flammiſq; abſumendi traderemur illico? vt in barathrum Diaboli, fulmine anathematis devoluti, arderemus æternùm? Idone belluis et ſtabulum paratur et lamena? Juſtitiam, Deus bone, et miſericordiam Pontificiam! Mera hæc temporis iniuria eſt: Non fuit ea olim hæreſis, quæ nunc eſt: ſi priſcis Eccleſiæ temporibus naſci nobis contigiſſet, antequam Primatus iſte Romanus, Iconolatria, Tranſubſtantiatio, Sacrificium Miſſaticum, Purgatorium, Communio ſive ſingularis, ſive dividiata, Indulgentiarum nundinatio,

et

et huius farinæ reliqua orbi Christiano innotuiſſent, patuiſſet profecto nobis cælum, non minùs quam cæteris, piis ſimplicioris illius ævi animabus, quæ in vera Chriſti fide fæliciter evolârunt: Jam verò in eam nos ſervatos fuiſſe mundi ſenectam, in quâ, nova quædam ſuboriretur Articulorum ſoboles, lætale nobis erit, neque minore pœnâ quam perpetuis Gehennæ cruciatibus luendum. Cogitate hoc, quotquot vſpiam terrarum agitis, Chriſtiani, quàm ſit ab omni iuſtitiâ et charitate alienum, vt nova ſubinde humano arbitrio creeter fides, priſcis ſeculis inaudita, quæ morti æternæ devoveat incredulos nepotes, quos antiqua veritas cælo adſciviſſet. Recentes hi, ſcilicet, politicæ religionis apices, illi ſunt, qui orbem vniverſum (qua qua patet Chriſti nomen) immane quantum conturbârunt: hi ſunt qui committunt inter ſe pacatiſſimos (abſque hoc foret) terræ Dominos, ſcindunt regna, populos diſtrahunt, dirimunt ſocietates, ſeditiones fovent, florentiſſimas regiones vaſtant, vrbes denique opulentiſſimas in cineres redigiunt. Siccine verò fieri oportuit? Putamuſne hanc iuſtam funeſtiſſimi belli, interneciониſq; cauſam, pro ſummi Judicis tribunali aliquando probatum iri? Evigilate Chriſtiani Principes,

cipes, tuq; inprimis, Ludovice *Rex, cui iſta tam inurbanè, crudeliterq; inſuſurrata ſunt, e-vigila demùm, et vide quàm tibi ſub pretextu pietatis, dira feritas peſſimis modis imponere ſtuduerit. Tui ſunt iſti quos ad cædem depoſcunt alienigenæ; Chriſti ſunt? Tune vero vt manum gladiumve imbueres illorum ſanguine, pro quibus Chriſtus profudit ſuum? Qui ſuum pro te, ac magno Parente tuo lubentiſſimè prodegerunt? Audi tu, quæſo, qui Juſtus audire ſoles apud tuos, Monarcha: Si nos, alium a tuo Deum, Chriſtum alium coleremus, ſi aliud ambiremus cælum, ſi Symbolum aliud, aliud Baptiſma; ſi novam denique aliis mixam fundamentis, Eccleſiã profiteremur: eſſet profectò, cur hæreticos in Gallia ſtabulante, flammis vltricibus deſtinares: ſi quid populus tuus vel a cõmuni Deo ſancitum, vel a te legitimè inſtitutum violarit, non deprecamur herelè vindictam; vapulent qui meruerunt, æquum eſt. Noli interim ſævire in Dei tui ſervos, in cives tuos, quos ipſa religio præſtat fideles: noli ſinere vt propter heſterna quædam, planèq; ſuperflua, humani ingenii adiectamenta, meramq; εθελοθρησκειαν, pereant ij, qui tuam patriſq; tui ſalutem ac gloriam, ſummo vitæ ſuæ diſcrimine redimere vo-*

luerunt; ſine per te vivant illi, per quos tu modo regnas: Quòd ſi tui non eſſent, memento tamen (quo te titulo maximè inſignire ſolent tui) Chriſtianos eſſe, eodem et Fonte lotos, et emptos ſanguine, et Spiritu renatos: cæleſtis denique (quicquid vanus intonet furor) ſponſæ filios, ſponſi fratres. At, errant hi ſcilicet a fide. Quâ tandem? Non Chriſtianâ certè ſed Pontificiâ. Quid vero hoc monſtri eſt? Non damnat hos Chriſtus, damnat Pontifex. Si ſupereſſet modò magnus ille tuus Cancellarius Pariſienſis doceret is liberè Sorbonam (quod olim fecit) ſuam, quàm non ſit penes Pontificem, propoſitionem aliquam (verbo vtar ſuo) hæreticare. Atqui, Concilium fecit hoc inſuper Oecumenicum Quodnam vero? Tridentinum. *Fallor, ſi hoc in Galliis obtinere potuerit hactenus, meruerit ve: Conſule tuos integerrimæ pridē fidei authores, dicent illi tibi quā iniquū, quàm nullum fuerit: vnius erat Pontificis quicquid a cætu illo (multicipiti Romæ mancipio) factum ſancitum ve. Cogita denique obſecro, quàm non alio in loco ſint Reformati Pontificijs, quàm Pontificij Reformatis: Atque acriter exprobari ſolet hæreſis vtrinque. Siccine verò agitur apud nos Romanæ religionis aſſeclis? Vnquamue gladio, aut incendio*

incendio ſævitum iſtîc in fidem Pontificiam? Eccui vnquam capitale fuit hoc miſerè hallucinantis conſcientiæ crimen? Eſt vbi comperies (rarò tamen admodum) audacem forte aliquem Sacrificum, legum publicarum contemptorem, ſeditionis flabellum, pœnam luiſſe meritiſſimam, ſed meræ religionis cauſam (fidenter dico) nemo vnquam Pontificiorum aut capite luit, aut membro. Quin tu, Clementiſſimi Henrici *filî, pariter te geris erga tuos, qui Reformatam religionem innocentiſſimè profitentur: Quin faxis, nemini vt fraudi ſiet ſecundum* Scripturam *ſacram, veteriſq; Eccleſiæ* πραξιν, *Deum coluiſſe, liceat tuis eſſe verè pios. Tu verò redi ad te demùm,* Vrbane Pontifex, *et recole quàm hæc purpuram tuam probè deceat atrox ſententia: Non pedum profectò, ſed enſem geſtârit oportet, qui iſtud exaraverit; neque piſcatorium eſt hoc rete ſed theatricum, et myrmillonicum.* Speciosi pedes Evangelizantium pacem, *inquit Propheta; nos hîc de te paulò aliter: Odioſæ manus præconizantium bella: ſi qua tibi ſors in Evangelio Jeſu Chriſti obtigiſſet, facilé ſentires pacem iſtîc ſonare omnia, lenitatem, manſuetudinem, concordiam: Non niſi ex inferno miſſa eſt dira Erinnys. Ne leviſſimus quidem mallei*

ſonus exauditur in templo Dei. Tu vero, ô bone, Eccleſiam Dei ſanctam impleri vis clangore tubarum, ictibus cædentium, morientium eiulatibus. Audi, ergo, demùm, tu, qui mortalium omnium iudicia ſuperbe refugis, quod, olim, Robertus noſter ſanctus pariter et doctus Lincolnienſis *Epiſcopus præceſſori tuo feciſſe dicitur, id ego tibi nunc facio : Fas mihi ſit indicere tibi verendum omnipotentis Dei Tribunal, pro quo tremens horrenſq; tibi anima brevi ſiſtetur, ſanguinolenti iſtius conſilii rationem reddituræ. Interim, ſi valere mavelis,*

RESIPISCE.

BREF

BREF DE N. S. PERE LE PAPE AV ROY.

Sur la priſe de la Rochelle.

Avec la traduction en Francois.

A PARIS,
Chez EDME MARTIN, ruë S. *Jaques*, au Soleil d'or.

M. DC. XXIX.

AVEC PERMISSION.

VRBANVS PP. VIII:

CHARISSIME *in Christo fili noster Salutem & Apostolicam benedictionem. Vox exultationis & salutis in tabernaculis iustorum, videat peccator & irascatur, & Synagoga Satanæ contabescat. Militat Rex Christianissimus pro Religione, militat Deus exercituum pro Rege. Nos certè in hac orbis patria sacro gaudio triumphamus, gratulamur Maiestati tuæ victoriam, cuius trophæa constituuntur in cælo, cuius gloriam generatiõ ventura nunquam conticescet. Rupellam arcem non minus obstinatione perfidiæ, quàm naturæ munimentis inexpugnabilem, vidit tandem hæc ætas Regi & B. Petro subditam. Neque sanè quisquam adeò desipit, vt tàm gloriosam palmam acceptam referat felicitati potiùs quam virtuti.*

Diu-

Diuturnâ tot menſium obſidione docuiſti Europam Gallicis legionibus te regnante debere non minorem conſtantiæ laudem quàm celeritatis. Tibi autem periculorum contemptu & incommodorum patientia clarè victor exercitus vitam devovet, & perfectum profligatæ hæreſis triumphum auguratur. Sonuerunt & turbatæ ſunt aquæ Oceani militantis obſeſſis perduellibus, mors deditione potior videbatur, ad ipſa Maieſtatis tuæ caſtra cuniculos egit perfidia. Omnino dilatavit os ſuum infernus evomens ſcelerum & periculorum turmas, ne tam opulentum propugnaculum impietati eriperetur. Stetit Dominus à dextris tuis, non modò deviciſti hoſtium copias, ſed ipſi etiam etiam auxiliari Oceano potuiſti frænum iniicere. Gratias agamus omnes Omnipotenti, qui eripuit te de contradictionibus populi non credentis. Ceterùm cùm ſcias qua cura cuſtodiendi ſint victoriarum fructus ne marceſcant, nemo eſt qui ambigat à te reliquias omnes hæreticorum in Gallica vinea ſtabulantiũ propediem profligatum iri. Diadema hoc perfecti decoris imponi cupit Eccleſia illi galeæ ſalutis, qua armatum Maieſtatis tuæ caput ipſe protegere videtur Dominus potens in prælio. Speramus enim fore vt Gallia omni pacata

illaceſ-

illuceſcant coruſcationes LVDOVICI *triumphatoris captivæ Filiæ Sion Francica trophæa commemoranti & intuenti ſplendorem fulgurantis haſtæ tuæ. Vota noſtra atque Catholicæ Eccleſiæ ſecundet Deus, qui voluntatem timentium ſe faciet. Interea Nuntius noſter qui regalis gloriæ ſpectator in caſtris adfuit, luculentus erit Pontificiæ gratulationis interpres Maieſtati tuæ, cui Apoſtolicam benedictionem amantiſſimè impertimur. Datum Romæ apud S. Mariam maiorem, ſub annulo Piſcatoris, die vigeſimo octauo Novembris, anno 1628. Pontificatus ſexto.*

REVE-

REVERENDO IN CHRISTO PATRI, *VIRO INCOMPARABILI*, IOSEPHO HAL EPISCOPO EXONIENSI, *GILBERTVS PRIMROSIVS* S.P.D.

HEV quantum potuit terra pelagiq́ parari
Hoc quem ciuilea fuderunt sanguine dextra

Gallorum? Sed paci intercedit inurbanæ frontis homo VRBANVS VIIX. Pontifex Romanus, qui

Exhalans fœdes fœdo de pectore rugitus,

Bullante diro cruore BVLLA, forocibus minacijs venosâ, & sæva adulatione tumente, optimo Regi, sed præpopero ac fervido in Martem ingenio, in fidissimos cives, qui nisi fuissent non esset ipse, funesta inflat classica; BREVIq; grandiloquo & cruento sub Annulo Piscatoris asperrimam studijs belli gentem iterum in brevia & Syrtes civilis, hoc est creperi & periculosissimi belli cerebrosus & imperitus Nauclerus impingit: Nulla Regis, nulla Regionum omnium facile Reginâ.

Quas Sol exoriens curru fugiente vaporat.

Nulla religionis maiore curâ: Sed magis vt Regi & Regno anxias & inexplicabiles sollicitudines conficiat;

vt humaniſſimos cives, non in piſcatoriâ PETRI naviculâ *lentos incurvans gurgite remos* Evangelici hami felici piſcatu ex vndoſa turbarũ civiliũ ſalo Piſcator hominum humaniter ducat ad ſalutem, ſed in ANTICHRISTI prætoria navi gubernacula tenens, BVLLARVM & BREVIVM enormi harpagone Pyrata nefarius Chriſtianos inhumaniter prædetur ad cædem. Vt ſolenni Pontificum Romanorum more, quod in Vrbium denſis vicis à graſſatoribus nocturnis fieri amat, belli facem accenſam in vicina regna conijciat, vt bonis civibus ad eum reſtinguendum undique diſcurrentibus, ille impune trahat, rapiat, populetur, fœdet, conculcet omnia; Et ardente Chriſti Eccleſiâ, immaniſſimi Neronis deceſſoris ſui inſtar, lætificum cum Spintrijs ſuis Trojæ pereuntis excidium canat: *ſic ſua quemque inſcribit facies.* Verum

——— Vt multos menſeſque dieſque,
Non tamen ætatem tempeſtate hac ſcelerosi
Lætabuntur.

Nam ecce quàm opportunè, TV PRÆSVL AMPLISSIME, cœleſtis & intracti pectoris fervente robore Romanum illum *miſerandæ ſortis onagrum* in arce Tarpeiâ ſtabulantem, & ſono intempeſtivo rudentem, ſtili tui acumine, veluti clavis & fuſtibus, compeſcis: Tu beſtiæ bipedis è limo & è ſimo erepentis innata cornua elegantis libelli malleo retundis: TV rufo draconi

Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere campo,

nimis quam bono, inceſtum & clamoſum os ſuggillas: TV Papam ſuperbientem, & ſublime caput cœlo audaci niſu inferentem, cuius ad nutum

Intereunt, labuntur, eunt rurſum omnia verſum,

modeſtiſſimo ſcripto humilitatem & modeſtiam doces: TV inarculum qui dura robora ferri in Orthodoxorum perniciem

Multorum magnis tuditantium ignibus tundit,

Cyclopum Polyphemo extorques, & pauſam tuditandi facere jubes; TV trepidantia jampridem BABYLONIS

LONIS mœnia à cœnosis magni illius exitialium mendaciorum architecti congesta cœmentarijs.

Qui nihil amplius vnquam
Quam commune lutum è paleis, cœnumque aceratum
Rugosi passique senes eadem omnia querunt,

variorum librorum multis vigiliis feliciter elucubratorum, velut oscillo penduli impetus hactenus arietasti, vexasti, dissipasti: Tandem optimæ notæ libello, non ad ostentationem, sed ad vtilitatem composito, & mitissima responsione, sulphureas omnium calamitatum fornaces, quas NEBVCHADNETSAR Romanus adversus Christi Confessores immitissimo edicto accendi jubet, pro virili tuâ parte à Christi Ecclesiâ prohibes & depellis. TV quos indomitæ illius belluæ Consiliarij atque administri in Danieles nostros Leonum famelicorum dentes exacuunt, verbi divini forfice comprehendis, concutis, & confringis: *Quos ille indoctilis pacisque bonique*, omnium malorum Fecalis & Pater Patratus, Principes rerum potentes in arma feralia exequiali & tragico carmine movet et protrudit, TV pacis æternæ præco ab armis discordibus revocas, et ad piam Christi pacem, Christianæque charitatis tranquillum portum fortiter occupandum suasissimæ scriptionis dulci et docto celeusmate fidus celeustes provocas.

FRVSTRA omnia, illum si spectes qui

Nequam & magnus homo, lanionum immane' canes vt

distento & fulmineo rictu Christianorum sanguini inhiat, cuique cibus cadavera, potus cruor est: Quibus dum se ingurgitat, toto orbe Christiano tristibus vlulante plangoribus, ille lætis vlulat triumphis, IO PÆAN, IO TRIVMPHE nobis obganniens, velut

Gallinacea' cum victor se Gallus honestè
Sustulit in digitos, primoresque erigit vngues,

Coquelico canorâ voce in fimeto occinit. Vt illa meretrix purpurata, Martyrum sanguine ebria, quæ Reges quos philtris suis intoxicavit, BVLLARVM aculeatarum majoribus stimulis in crudâ adversum Christum

prælia ſuſcitat; vt ille deſperatæ ſalutis homo, peccati & perditionis Filius tuum illud RESIPISCE diſcat, ſpes nulla ſupereſt.

Nam ſi TV hos ſtultu undaſque è gurgite ſalſo
Tollere decreris, ventum prius hæmaticum TV
Ventum, inquam, vellat.

Illi enim neque eſt cor quo paveat, neque ſecur quo amet, neque fel quo ſibi iraſcatur, neque frons quâ erubeſcat: Illi Gamiæ, Illis ingluvioſis quibus cingitur raſo capite miniſtris *ſolus vivere fas eſt Occipiti cæco*, & edictis vetare *ne quiſquam hic faxit oletum*, & ſacra capita reprehendat.

Nam vos Romulida vobis ignoſcitis, & quæ
Turpia Cerdoni, Papam ſacroſque decebunt
Presbyteros.

At TV, ANTISTES DIGNISSIME, eos liberâ ad VRBANVM reſponſione liberas doces audire voces, & ingratijs diſcere, in Anglia & mutire fas eſſe, & ſine ſcrobe alta voce exclamare, Auriculas Aſini Papam & Cardinales habere.

QVANTVM autem ego fideli erga me amicitiæ tuæ debeam, REVERENDE PATER, quod mihi homini privato tantus eruditione, pietate, dignitate PRÆSVL, Reſponſionem illam inſcribere voluiſti, nec rudi calamo exprimere, nec linguâ inexplanata expromere, nec impari mente conſequi poſſim: Scilicet, vt Epiſcopum decet, tui ſemper ſimilis es, id eſt optimus: Honores novos adeptus veterem amicitiam non deponis, & magnus licet ſis, omniumque bonorum votis minor, ad minima te demittis.

QVOD vero electiſſimum ſcriptum meo arbitrio ſtare aut cadere, prodire aut latere, malignâ ignis flammâ extingui, aut præclarâ doctorum luce frui, publici iuris, aut in mei ſolius bonis eſſe iubes, id vero modeſtiæ eſt tuæ quæ inter multas & claras virtutes quæ in te maximæ ſunt & clariſſimæ, in ſcriptis, in voce, in vultu, in oculis, in compoſito mentis habitu, in totâ viâ tuâ fulgentibus

gentibus micat radijs, *velut inter ignes Luna minores:* Macte ista morum suavitate, quâ aperto vivens ostio, & facta tua omnia ad pietatis & rectæ rationis obrussam exigens, quod vir bonus solet, qui

Iudex ipse sui totum se explorat ad unguem,
Quid proceres, vanique ferat quid opinio vulgi
Securus:

Teque ipsum semper verens, omnium quotquot te novere, quique tuos in scriptis & nitidâ oratione pellucentes mores vidêre, amorem tibi conciliasti. Ma te iterum atque iterum præclaræ eruditionis gloriâ, altissimâ rerum divinarum & humanarum scientiâ, literatissimis variarum disciplinarum monumentis quibus tibi jure merito iucundi & nervosi Oratoris, Christiani Senecæ, clarissimi & doctissimi Theologi nomen comparasti,

Quod vivet seclis immemorabilibus.

Sed age eat

Qui domo meus est bonus libellus,
Qui Auro est nobilior novus libellus.

Eat pedibus celer, per Alpium æternis horrentium nivibus juvias rupes, per Appennini ardua & præruptâ iuga viam sibi faciat Arcem Sanctangeli velox conscendat conscendat, Angelo Satanæ Vrbi ἐπταλόφῳ securè procul extra teli jactum incubanti in faciem narret, esse in Anglia Episcopos haud paucos qui inhumanæ & infestæ pecori lupæ, sub ovina pelle Regibus & populo Christiano Rumæ horrend e lac ferinum immulgenti, personam alienam detrahere, bestiam ovium sanguinis sitientem à Christo caulis arcere, Ecclesiæ læta & pura pascua à turpi spumantium aprorum dente & fœdo lutulentarum suum rostro pura & intemerata conservare: Æsopicam corniculam PETRI & PAVLI plumis insolescentem furtivis coloribus nudare, CVCVLI Romani, qui Christianos omnes pro GVRRVCIS habet; ova in ipso Dei Templo posità perfundere; Meretricem Babylonicam Christiani nominis cerussa & minio fucatam traducere: & possint quia doctissimi, & velint quia integerrimi

rimi. Atque vt odor illa morte in mortem ſit, quia RESIPISCERE dedidicit, denuntiet vt tota mente atque omnibus artubus contremiſcat, appetente jam die illo decretorio, quo ardebit BABYLON, Meretricis magnæ negotiatores & adulteri omnes lugebunt, Diabolus mundi ſeductor, beſtia & Pſeudopropheta in ſtagnum ignis & ſulphuris præcipites abibunt, æternas juſtè irato Numini pœnas daturi; Filiumque perditionis.

Dignus principio exitus, exodiumque ſequetur.

Interea temporis veni Domine Ieſu, veni; Antichriſtum ſe truci efferentem rabie in vnctos tuos comprime: Hoſtibus tuis, qui aſperum paternæ caſtigationis tuæ vinum nobis plenis cyathis educendum dedere, acinoſas & pannoſas indignationis tuæ fæces plenis dolijs exhauriendas invitis & reluctantibus porrige. *Captivam Sionis Filiam* ferreo Ægyptiacæ ſervitutis jugo oppreſſam liberali cauſâ manu aſſere: LVDOVICI Regis fulgentes haſtas, coruſcantes enſes, arma mortali fulgore criſpantia, tormentorum bellicorum horriſona fulmina in ipſum Pſeudoprophetam, & lutoſos BABYLONIS muros converte, vt fatidicum vatem veri neſcium ſua ſibi mala læva mente verè profatum eſſe pudeat & pœniteat: Eccleſijs tranſmarinis ſolidam pacem ſubdolis ereptam artibus, reſtitue: Damna nos voti, & hanc qua Major Britannia tuo ſolius benificio fruitur pacem & tranquillitatem nobis fidam, poſteris vero noſtris perpetuam præſta. Huic autem aureo libello da vt vivat vigeatque, Antichriſto Principum invidiam conflaturus, Eccleſiæ tuæ almam pacem coagmentaturus: Eiuſque autori largere benificus, vt vitâ honeſtiſſimè & ſanctiſſimè in terris acta, cœlo potiatur, vbi tecum

Immortali ævo ſummâ cum pace fruatur.

AMEN.

FINIS.

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